

Vol 19
#2

Spring 59



spring 1959

measure

st. joseph of indiana



st. joseph's college

spring



measure

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Rev. Alvin Druhman,
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PRINTING

R. B. Cross Printing Co.

ENGRAVING

Ropkey Engraving Co.

COVER DESIGN

Thomas DeMint

st. joseph's college
collegeville, Indiana
spring issue 1959
volume xix. no. 2

in this issue

PATHETIQUE	4	James McCullough
TRUMPETS ON THE CORNER	10	Ronald Moorman
CHRISTIANITY AND ZEN	12	Thomas Schoenbaum
THE DELEGATES	15	Gregory Mahoney
HEART OF THE SEA	20	Peter Zammit
THE LAMB AND THE UNICORN	21	Ronald Moorman and Michael Young
THE OAKEN NOTE	30	Charles Faucher
STEAL AWAY HOME	36	Ronald Moorman
THE MAJOR FROM TATRUSK	40	John Klawitter
THE SEASON MAN	46	Charles Faucher
THE FOURTH DIMENSION	48	William McCrea
FAULKNER'S ODE TO THE DEAD CONFEDERACY	52	Gregory Mahoney

Member

Associated Collegiate Press
All-American, 1957-58
Catholic School Press Association
All-Catholic, 1957-58

James

McCullough

"Gee, I finally got up enough nerve to do it," Tim mused nervously as he recalled once again last night's telephone call. With both parents out the silence of his room forced him to thumb to the familiar place in the directory which pictured a graceful couple below the listing. As he dialed he could feel the moisture from his hand on the receiver. A cheery, feminine voice answered his stumbling inquiry about a lesson, and when he asked about cost she chuckled: "It's like buying a car, Mr. Gauche. You can't ask, 'What's the price of a car?' You have to name a specific car, its accessories, and so on. We calculate our price from your specific needs. At the free introductory lesson we give you we evaluate your specific needs." Tim, almost

spellbound by the mellifluous flow of words, set the appointment for noon the next day, Saturday, when he'd be free from school. As he left the house the following morning he told his mother he was going downtown to see a show.

Now he sat staring out the window of the elevated train as it rattled out of the Sixty-third street station. It was a drab half-hour's ride downtown, but to Tim it was always invested with a certain romance. In his childhood he had thrilled to peering down when the el screeched around a curve and he couldn't see any track under him and it seemed for sure that the whole train would plunge to the ground below. And it was always fun to scrutinize the passengers near him, especially if their faces betrayed a secret burden, and try to guess the history of their lives—whether they had any parallels to his own. But this time he just looked vacantly at the rusting steel of unused track that lay alongside the gleaming third rail, the splintery wood of the el platforms, the garage roofs sprinkled with broken glass and empty beer cans, the rotting porches of Negro tenements, and the dirty, thin clouds floating like cigarette smoke across a dishwater sky.

The exterior drabness tinged his thoughts, which skipped from the telephone conversation to the forlorn residue of seventeen years. What had he ever done? Nothing,

PATHETIQUE



except get good grades at school, and this made his classmates consider him queer. His attempts to break into one of the lesser cliques in the hierarchy that began with the possessors of football monograms were futile. He laughed at risqué jokes without understanding them, and he alone pitied the meek teacher whom the others baited. He was a fawn among young lions.

But now he was going to take a giant first step to become one of them. Lately the talk at school had turned to the upcoming senior prom—what girl to take, whom to double with, what spots to visit afterwards. Tim realized with a pang his complete isolation; he had hardly even noticed girls before, had never gone on a date, and to miss the senior prom was unpardonable. He would have to attend one of the Friday night socials in the school gym, meet a girl, and invite her to the big dance. He was too ashamed, however, to ask for help against the one gigantic obstacle that lay in his path. His dilemma seemed resolved when he noticed an ad for *Vivian's* in the newspaper. What he had to do is as easy as walking, it said.

As the el turned at Indiana Avenue Tim wondered if it really was that simple. He once read Brian Moore's *The Feast of Lupercal*, in which an Irish schoolteacher, thirty-five and still a bachelor, fights a battle with his inhibitions. After a chance con-

versation with a nice girl the teacher undertakes a whirlwind rejuvenation program, shaving off his thick mustache, buying a snappy sportcoat, and learning adequately at Belfast's counterpart of *Vivian's*—all in one day. Tim thought that age was about the only difference between the fictional character and himself.

The el descended slowly into the sooty blackness of the subway tunnel, and Tim frowned at his reflection in the window. The usually dull eyes looked frightened behind the horn-rimmed glasses; his sensitive lips were parted. He looked like a trapped, bewildered animal. Sooner than he wanted he was walking towards 150 West Monroe where Vivian's studios lurked on the sixth floor. Since he still had fifteen minutes he turned into a Walgreen drug store and slouched glumly over a coke. Finally it was time.

As the elevator ascended Tim's stomach turned. One, two, three, four—paradoxically the floors reminded him of the lower and lower circles in Dante's concentric hell. Six! The elevator door opened right into Vivian's outer office, leaving no chance for escape. Tim stumbled out onto an inch-thick carpet, vaguely noticing the resplendent pastel interior. Behind a casket-long, glass-topped desk a statuesque receptionist flashed a billboard smile. Was she the one who chuckled over the phone? He couldn't be

sure. After he filled out a small card she introduced him to the instructress, Miss Sharp.

Miss Sharp was, well, sharp. Sleek Latin features belied her professional name. Her jet-black hair was close-cropped. Under langorously arched eyebrows her eyes smouldered like anthracite. A black wool sweater supporting a large medallion completed the chiarascuro. Her almost-pouting, full red lips suggested that she was unhappy with her job.

"Come this way, Mr. Gauche."

Following her, Tim was fascinated with the soft motion of her gray tweed skirt and the snap, snap, snap of her loose suede sandals on the linoleum of the corridor. They seemed inappropriate to her line of work. Miss Sharp gave him a running commentary on the organization of Vivian's and showed him a group picture of lifetime members gaping pathetically at their viewers. After a quick glance at a miniature ballroom for the enjoyment of trainees at Friday night coke and cake parties, she led him into the lesson room.

"Your card says you want to learn the waltz and jitterbug. Is that right, Mr. Gauche?"

"Yes, that's right," Tim replied, debating whether he should ask again about the price.

"What brought you to Vivian's? Were we recommended by a friend of yours?"

"Uh, no. I just wanted to learn how to dance," Tim answered,

frightened at the repeated complications.

Miss Sharp persisted, "Well, how did you come to know about Vivian's?"

"Oh, I guess it was cause I saw your ad in the *Chicago American*."

"You see," Miss Sharp continued glibly, "everything is done scientifically at Vivian's. We feel we like to know our customers. How old are you, Mr. Gauche?"

"Seventeen."

"In high school?"

"Yes."

"And you haven't gone out with girls because you can't dance?"

"Yes." Tim began to sweat.

"Heavens, what have you been doing for recreation?"

"Oh, hanging around drugstores, I guess," Tim said, managing a weak smile.

"Well, I think you'll find dancing very easy. You'll even be dancing after this introductory lesson," Miss Sharp said. "You can hang your coat over there."

As Tim's hands fumbled for the hanger a second fear chilled him—the room was not private. But there was only one other novice. In a distant corner of the long, mirror-walled room a paunchy, bald-headed man was giggling over his progress at the cha-cha.

Miss Sharp switched on a hi-fi console. Tim recognized the instrumental "Fascination," and he recalled the words: "It was fascination I know. And it might

have ended right there at the start . . .”

“Left-forward, right-forward, slide; right-back, left-back, slide,” Miss Sharp incanted. “That’s the box step. It can be adapted to almost any dance. Now you try it.”

Tim started with the right foot a few times but was soon doing the step well enough for Miss Sharp to say, “Now let’s do it together.”

Tim gulped. He wiped his moist hands on his pants legs and hesitated. He wasn’t sure which way to hold her. But eventually they were tracing box steps across the floor and Tim even joked: “I wonder what you do on your day off. I bet you go dancing.” The instructress nodded grimly. Tim looked down at his feet, concentrating on the steps, while his arms began to tire. He was unaware that his right hand was slipping slowly down her back until Miss Sharp, almost without a hitch, pulled it to its rightful place. Tim’s face crimsoned. Box step succeeded box step; the waltz music wafted to the acoustical ceiling; Tim’s thoughts scaled Parnassus. It was wonderful! The feel of a girl, a woman, in his arms. He tingled at the tender touch of her hand, the warmth of her wollen sweater. A young man in tux and hornrimmed glasses nonchalantly escorts the charming girl into the grand ballroom . . .

“Ouch!” Miss Sharp’s face contorted in pain. Through a mis-

step Tim had come down hard on her right toe. He mumbled, “I guess that’s an occupational hazard.” Again an affirmative nod, but no smile.

The accident terminated the first part of the lesson. Miss Sharp put on an Elvis Presley record and tried to teach Tim a fast, six-count jitterbug. It was no use. He felt as if his shoestrings were tied together. Under his shirt perspiration was dripping wetly down his sides. He saw the trapped animal look on his face in the mirror.

Finally it was over. He found himself sitting at a desk across from Miss Sharp. She was filling out a card denoting his capabilities in case he would have a different instructress for the next lesson. “Rhythm? Good. Balance? A little below average. Poise? Average. Confidence? I’ll let you answer that one, Mr. Gauche. What do you think?”

“Below average.”

Miss Sharp then shifted into high gear. “We have a variety of programs to suit your specific taste. Our deluxe one is a lifetime membership in Vivian’s Dance Society, which includes a position in the group portrait and special lessons. The price is \$2,000.”

“Um, I don’t think I can afford that.”

“Of course. We have a wide price range. Two years for \$300, one year for \$165.”

“What’s your cheapest pro-

gram?" Tim asked softly.

"We have a very nice seven-lesson course which includes free admission to two of our Friday night get-togethers. They're a lot of fun, Mr. Gauche, because you can meet very nice people at them. The price is just \$49.50," she added sweetly.

Tim was demolished. His savings totalled \$30; he thought he could learn to dance in one or two quick lessons before the prom; he didn't want to attend any of Vivian's get-togethers. He wanted to go home.

"Do you have any lessons you can pay by each one?"

"No, this is our smallest course." Her dark, piercing eyes implied an ultimatum.

"I'm sorry but I won't be able . . ."

"You *do* want to learn how to dance, don't you?"

"Yes, but . . . I don't have enough money. I only have thirty dollars that I saved from my after-school job."

Miss Sharp pursed her lips. "Well, we had a special offer that expired last week, but I think I could get you in under it. You'd get the very same course for only \$39.50. That's a saving of ten dollars. You could pay the balance of your bill as you make money from your job. All you have to do is sign this contract."

A latent stubbornness arose from Tim's melancholy. "I'm sorry, Miss, but . . . I just can't."

The beautiful lips drooped

petulantly. "All right, Mr. Gauche, you're the boss." She had reeled him in so far, now this . . .

Tim walked east on Monroe, oblivious to the maniac swarm of cars and pedestrians. "Nuts, nuts, nuts, nuts," he muttered to himself in his strongest expletive. A raw, wet wind blowing from Lake Michigan spat in his face, yet he welcomed it. "Miss Sharp and her boyfriend will have a few laughs over me tonight. At least she'll get that much out of it," he thought. An immense despondency swelled within him, choking up his throat. He laughed at the presumption that he could transfigure himself in one day, like the Irish schoolteacher in the novel. In the end hadn't the hero crawled back into his shell under the unutterable crush of circumstance? The title. The feast of Lupercal. Sterility. He turned south on Michigan Avenue, almost blindly. He bitterly noted a well-dressed adolescent in front of him walking arm in arm with a girl. They were sharing some private joke. It was on him, wasn't it? Tim quickened his pace to be rid of them. Hapless. That's what he was, hapless. Hapless as the dirty newspaper fluttering across the sidewalk . . . A marquee shone through the mist, a gaudy, sad beacon on a lonely sea reminding him that there was still one thing he could do, just one thing left to do—make right the lie to his mother.

"One, please."

TRUMPETS ON THE CORNER

by
**Ronald
Moorman**

Where I live (which, by the way, is far-near, small and big, clean-smoky, bad and good, and home) there is an old wrinkle-woman, old-smelling, old-acting, and old, and I remember her. I haven't seen her for a while, so I don't know if she is still living, but I imagine she is because old wrinkle-women always are and always will be, except now, and there might not be any more. I remember her now for only one reason (faces are simple and hard to keep, unless locked either by love or words. It is words here.) She always, at least many, many times, used to say, and I heard her only sometimes, that the Lord would come in judgment right over the top of Benny Kramer's store (a little store with big-wide windows and all store things in front), and the angels would come and stand on the corners and raise hell (remember, everyone must rise) with their trumpets and then the Lord would

walk right through the air down the building and into the middle of the street under the stoplight and there He'd judge all people and our town would be very busy. Then, so she said, He'd raise His hand and everyone would be quiet and He'd say, real loud and God-like, "Little Old Woman, you've been good. Come on over into heaven." And she'd go and all the gossips would whisper about her until the Lord called them and sent them to hell and then they'd be quiet, maybe.

Yes, I remember her real clear now, because you see, maybe you don't but do anyway, they say (many people) that the little Old Woman just went over into heaven and our town is hopping right now, and I hear, I don't know for sure yet but I'll find out soon, that someone is sitting in the middle of the road down by the four-corners with beer joints, and He is stopping traffic, and people obey Him when He says come to heaven or in reverse, go to hell. Come on! We'd better take a walk down there and find out for sure.

It's rather hard walking for people are everywhere, not just plain people, but crying laughing shouting screaming praying people, and I wonder. It's just down the block here, so hang on and we'll go. "Pardon me, sir, official! Press, ma'am, excuse me!" (Fooled her, didn't we?) But I wonder why she looked so funny and scared, and maybe we should go home, but we won't because

we're almost there and—

Look up there on top of Benny Kramer's store! Those people there with those funny looking horns and they're going to blow. Oh, gee, but they're loud-blowing. Hold your ears and—. Hey, there's Aunt Alice, but, no, it isn't, but it is. She's dead though, and gee golly well, she sort of shines though and she's just too pretty.

I think we'd better go home, maybe. Don't you?

Oh, there's that Man we heard about; He's so, so kind stern happy and mad-looking, but He shines too like Aunt Alice but more, and I can't look, almost. My eyes hurt. Why, He's calling Old Ham who lives up the block around the corner in an old house. And he's dirty, but, no, he's white now, sudden-funny, and the Man's smiling and Ham's laughing and some person, a Blue-Lady looks like. Let's get closer . . . Yes, a Blue-Lady is leading Ham over there, and would you look at Ham's shine! He's almost as bright as the Crescent's (that's our theatre, only it's closed now) lights and there's lots more people like him over there and they're all smiling and laughing and slapping Ham's back.

Over there's the Reilly girls. Not there, over that way by the throne, at least I guess that's what that chair is. See them, the two brunettes. There they go. He's called them and He's smiling again and don't you sort of feel

happy. (No, you can't go home. This is just starting. Look at all the people. You know, this just might be real, somehow, maybe. Stay a while. He'll forget us anyway.) There goes that woman who always looked so holy to me and I guess she's got it made. But would you look at that. He's frowning like all get out and she's crying and—oh, gosh, maybe we'd better go on home. Oh, she's screaming and listen to that other there! That old Red-Person grabbed her and she's fighting but he's got her, and she's gone. Listen to that laughing. Come on, let's go quick before—

What's that, old Glass Eyes? (he lives down two houses and he never says much since I hardly see him.) He's calling Me? Go away, will you? He forgot us. I'm leaving??? But, well, would you mind turning around a minute and just looking to make sure. I'd hate to run away and make Him mad . . . And He IS calling me. But I can't go because I'm going and, gee, I'm scared, but I'm walking anyway and I don't want to. Now.

Would you listen to Him talk. Gosh, He wants me to give an account of myself. Well, I guess it can't hurt none to tell Him things. He seems pretty nice. I wonder what I should call Him: sir or your honor or Lord maybe. That's it. Lord, that sounds pretty right. So here goes:

"You see, Lord (I guess), it's like this—

CHRISTIANITY

AND ZEN

By Thomas Shoenbaum

One of the dominant characteristics of our age is its preoccupation with the problem of human suffering. The existence of war, famine, poverty, and political oppression sounded the death knell for the Age of Enlighten-

ment; there have been few ideologies since that dared make its utopian promises. In the present spiritual void, called The Age of Anxiety by W. H. Auden, men despair of eliminating suffering and yet are unable to justify its existence. The traditional Christian solution to the problem, that whenever a man accepts suffering from the hand of God he is voluntarily helping to make reparation for the sins of all mankind, finds an unwelcome reception from those who refuse to admit even the reality of sin. As a result, a considerable number of

people in the United States have sought a philosophy beyond the pale of Western Culture. From the Orient they have transported Zen Buddhism, the essence of which is a promise to eliminate suffering and to cure all the ills of society.

So far two distinct types of Zen have flourished in this country. Jack Kerouac's "Beat Zen" centers in San Francisco where aficionados enjoy "the biggest party of all time." Men and women of the Beat Generation find Zen a convenient philosophy to justify their actions. In New York the

advocates of "Square Zen" condemn Kerouac's group as profaners of the code. Under the influence of Alan Watt's book *Nature, Man and Woman*, the devotees of "Square Zen" have established the First Zen Institute of America. There a full-fledged Zen Master leads converts through the ritual of the ancient Oriental cant.

The patron saint of all Zen enthusiasts, beat or square, is Dr. D. T. Suzuki, an eighty-seven year old, westernized Japanese who gives classes on Zen daily at Columbia University. In addition he often travels on lecture tours to major American and European universities, and he has written extensively on his subject.

The first step in understanding Zen, Dr. Suzuki maintains, is to take up the Oriental way of viewing reality. Whereas western thought assumes that reality is composed of various opposites (the spirit and the flesh, the good and the bad), the Eastern mind maintains that this dualism is only apparent—the result of a false notion that truth lies in the intellect. Actually truth can only be approached through the "third eye of intuition." This is pure mind, able to see all things in the harmony of one reality. Once this insight into the real is attained all anxiety, uncertainty, and suffering are eliminated. The source of our misery is intellectual dualism—the conceiving of reality as pairs of conflicting opposites.

Zen proposes a non-dialectical method to reconcile conflicting opposites. It seeks the truth not in the middle but above the opposing pairs, synthesizing the two and making them one. It teaches, therefore, that black is white and white is black. Suzuki states that although the method may be nonsense to the rational mind, it is the only way "to break up the limitations of conceptual thought and free the student from his concept-ridden mind." The intellect is brought to the point where its usefulness is exhausted; satori, a flash of enlightenment, then occurs. Once a man experiences the complete self-abnegation, perfect happiness, and uninterrupted joy of satori, all dualism melts into one truth, with the absence of suffering and tension.

A state of satori is brought about primarily through the use of the Koan, an insoluble riddle put to the student to test his sense of Zen understanding. The most famous Koan is: "Two hands clapping produce a familiar sound. What is the sound of one hand clapping?" Here is another: "Who is the Buddha? The dried-up dirt cleaner."

Although it may take years, the man who wishes to gain satori must meditate unceasingly on one of these riddles and try to draw some meaning out of it. After a long period of great tension and suffering from this exercise in non-reason, the intellect is transcended and reality seen, supposedly, as it really is. The man who

has experienced satori looks at reality with the "third eye of intuition" instead of having an intellectual or logical view of it. The feeling he experiences is analogous to that which is had when some very difficult problem is solved. This feeling, however, never ends. The final result and the goal of satori is the subjugation of the self with all its pride and desires. A man who has experienced satori can go bankrupt, walk on nails, or undergo any suffering without feeling pain or anxiety. All is indifferent; all is one—a situation to be experienced.

Zen cannot be called a religion in the western sense of the word, for it admits no need for God, the soul, sin, an afterlife, or morality. Not actually denying God, Zen just never raises the question whether he exists: "If there is a God, we are all so much a part of it (because all reality is one) that it makes no difference." As for morality, the only necessary control on man is that imposed freely from within. Another thing most conspicuously absent from Zen is love, the concept or reality of which is never even mentioned by Dr. Suzuki.

It is interesting to compare the Christian and Buddhist solutions to the problem of suffering in this world. Christian happiness, as Bishop Sheen points out in his new work, *The Life of Christ*, is attained through Christ and the Cross, love and self-sacrifice. Ideally a Christian should accept

suffering willingly and gladly because of a resignation to the will of God—love of God makes him want what God wants.

The East, on the other hand, has developed a natural religion which discovers the Cross in that it knows happiness can imply an abnegation of self through suffering, but it has not found Christ (Love) to give it meaning. Zen, like Christianity, maintains that selfish desires cause unhappiness, but there is in its system no concept of love through which a man can transcend his being and renounce his own desires. In fact, Zen presents an almost completely selfish outlook as evidenced in the statement of Christian Humphreys, president of the London Buddhist Society: "If another denies satori, let him. What you know, you know, and none shall take it away from you." And an egregious deficiency of Zen is its anti-intellectualism, a destructive attack on man's highest faculty which produces a distorted view of reality.

But whatever its deficiencies, Zen can teach us at least one thing. Avant-garde intellectuals may be attracted to Zen because of a dissatisfaction with a watered down practice of Christianity—one that goes to the opposite extreme of Zen, choosing Christ's love and brotherhood but rejecting self-sacrifice and suffering. In view of the present attractiveness of Zen, we might do something to rejoin Christ and His Cross in the West.

THE DELEGATES



The nerves of the two space explorers, drawn dangerously taunt by the long and lonely journey, were at the snapping point when the planet, or at least a small indication of it, was sighted. Actually it was nothing more than a tiny blip on the radar screen, but that blip meant to the spacemen a solid mass of land and perhaps civilization in the infinite void.

Three-hundred and forty marks had been scratched into the bulk-head since the ship had blasted off from its launching pad—each scratch a star-lit day—almost a year of silent cruising through the unexplored mystery that was outer space.

In the next few days, as the blip grew larger and more distinguishable on the screen, the explorers swung eagerly to their tasks preparatory to landing. Their low spirits had given way to child-like impatience.

Six days after the first signal had appeared on the radar, the planet itself became visible to the naked eye. The spacemen pressed their faces to the big plexiglass porthole set in the hull of the ship. With an almost reverent awe, they stood transfixed in the erie light of the approaching planet . . . alien life, strange civilizations perhaps hung before them like a pale green and gray golfball drifting on the black ocean around them.

The rocket approached.

The silver bird of space settled gently to earth and sank up to the

by
Gregory
Mahoney

top of its tail fins in the soft ground. The jets hissed and went out for the first time in nearly a year. The air lock door swung open and the explorers saw earth, trees, vegetation. They gulped in natural, moisture-tinged oxygen for the first time in a year.

Slipping out of their grease-stained coveralls and magnetized boots, the two voyagers scrambled to the ground on wobbly legs. For almost a full five minutes they stood motionless, only their eyes moving over the fog-shrouded landscape that stretched away from them. Then, with a whoop of triumph and relief they embraced each other and danced around clumsily in the mud of the new world.

"Look, down there, a city!"

The fog had crept away in the early afternoon and the shimmering summer sun had glinted golden on tall spires in the distance. The explorers had not strayed far from their ship, wary of losing their way in the fog on this strange planet, but with the dispersal of the low ceiling and the appearance of the sun, they struck out toward the golden glare to the west that marked the first sign of civilization they had seen in this world.

"Well, what's the first thing we do once we do get to that city? Look up one of the likely citizens and calmly ask him to take us to his leader?" the younger of the two, a lieutenant in the Space Fleet, asked as they trudged in the

general direction of the spires. "According to reports from our earlier exploration, fifty years ago, the people of this planet are the same as us—physically and mentally—maybe, so contact shouldn't be too hard to make."

"Except for the fact, of course, that this planet, like ours, is multi-lingual," said his companion, a space-hardened major. "First of all, we'll have to find out which of the ten major languages we learned back at the Academy the people of this part of the world speak."

"Yeah, I hate to have people think we were dumb foreigners who just got off the ship."

"Lieutenant, you're no funnier in this world than you were back home."

"Hey Major, I got an idea. Instead of rushing right to the leaders of this city and acting official right away, let's just slip in quietly and mingle with the masses for a while."

"Wait a minute, now. We came across a billion light years on official business. The government didn't send us to socialize."

"Listen, we've been in that damn steel hot-rod for almost a year now. Your company was charming, sir, but hell, I haven't seen a girl—any girl, domestic or alien, for twelve months. Major, on this lovely day on this lovely planet a billion light years from home, I'm in no mood to be official. Sir, I request a much overdue shore leave. The government

timetable doesn't extend to foreign planets, Major. We have plenty of time to be official and very, very military. Let's shake off that year in space with a big night on the town."

"I'm inclined to agree with you, Lieutenant, that we need to blow off steam after that long commuter's hop. It's been a long time between leaves for me, too. I guess we could easily pass for citizens of that city and 'mingle with the masses' as you put it. We'd have to watch our speech, though, and for that matter our step. We still don't know for sure what kind of civilization inhabits this world."

"And whatever form of currency they use on this planet can be easily—ah—appropriated from one of the local gentry. And if our uniforms differ radically from the native dress we can always . . ."

"Hold it. We came to this world as emissaries, not robber barons."

"Don't worry. Once we contact their leaders and establish our position we can always reimburse the generous citizens who donated their services and besides—"

"Look!!"

The two explorers had reached the crest of a grassy plateau overlooking the city. The city was built on a series of hills at the edge of a great sea. Actually there were two cities below, separated by a bay, an inlet of the sea, but linked by a magnificent bridge. The retreating fog hid most of the city

across the bay, exposing only its tallest towers. The nearer city was bathed in sunlight which glittered and sparkled from glass and steel.

Enthralled by this first sight of the planet's civilized artistry, the explorers rushed toward the city's hilly avenues and sloping sidewalks. They cautiously slipped among the buildings and along the alleyways keeping out of sight as much as possible, preferring to reconnoiter the territory before making their appearance.

After a few hours they had listened to enough of the passing talk and seen enough of the prevalent styles to make the necessary adjustments to the situation. They both had a good working knowledge of the language spoken and their dark-blue uniforms did not seem too out of place.

The sun had plunged in flames into the sea and the purple shades of twilight were drawn around the city as the explorers meekly elbowed their way through the crowds that swarmed down the main thoroughfares. The crowds proved to be advantageous, however, for they provided a cloak of anonymity for the visitors and a fistfull of that planet's currency.

"A deft touch is a deft touch—that's a universal law," grinned the lieutenant as he examined the currency. "Wonder how much I have here?"

The sky had grown darker over the city and the crowds had grown denser. The noise in the

streets had grown almost unbearable to the two pairs of ears that had been used to only the hum of the engines and the silence of space for nearly a year.

Dazed and weary, they edged out of the mainstream of the pedestrian traffic and stumbled down the flight of stairs that led to a neon-lit basement hall.

As they pushed through the half-open padded door they were staggered by a blast of discordant musical vibrations that blared out into the night and swirled around the low-ceilinged hall. Gagging from the acrid smoke and fumes that seemed to ooze off the broken sound, the bewildered visitors groped through the pale blue haze toward what looked like the most solid object in the room—a long mohogany bar.

"Ah, another universal landmark," gasped the Major with relief as they wiggled into vacant stools. "Let's see what the citizens quench their thirsts with around here." Hesitantly he pointed out a bottle of whatever-it-was on one of the shelves behind the bar and, on receiving it, tossed the wad of appropriated currency toward the bartender. "Take what you want out of that," he said.

The bartender looked up in surprise, but before he could say anything the two tourists had taken their bottle and had headed for an empty booth.

"Big spender on another planet with someone else's money, aren't you?" the junior officer grinned.

"Just spreading good will and wealth among the citizens, Lieutenant. Now, let's see if this stuff is worth the price I must've paid for it."

At that moment, the music, held down to a steady roar since the visitors had entered, suddenly burst into an accelerated clash of vibrating *tempo*s, shattering notes, and high-pitched wails. A bearded man in the middle of the hall sprang to his feet and vaulted on top of a table. With a yelp he ripped off his flimsy shirt and began to undulate slowly with the music. In the corner a woman flung a bottle against the wall and, pulling violently at her long black hair, began to howl. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the musicians, glasses smashed on the ceiling, animal-like screams went up from different parts of the floor, the music got louder and more frenetic, more discordant; it bounced off the rafters, wailed through eardrums, slid along the slimy floor. Bodies swayed back and forth in the blue haze . . . Voices hummed, sang, yelled, shrieked, wailed, sobbed . . .

The two explorers cringed in a corner of their booth, eyes wide, hands trembling. The unopened bottle fell to the floor from the shaking fingers of the Major.

"Good God, the natives are restless tonight. What the hell have we stumbled into here?" the lieutenant yelled above the din.

"I thought this damn planet was supposed to be civilized.

They're nothing but a bunch of semi-moronic animals," shouted the other.

"Come on, let's get out of here before they start hunting for heads. I think it's about time we found their leaders and identified ourselves. I don't relish the prospect of being sacrificed in some barbaric religious orgy," said the Major, bolting out of the booth.

"Hey, man, like isn't this the wildest. Where ya bugging to?" a voice came booming out of the haze and the two explorers found themselves surrounded by five bearded natives, each of them snapping their fingers and rolling their heads. "Like you cats look like you just breezed off the bonnie blue. Never could take in all this military jazz, myself. Me, I'm a conscientious objector. Killing bugs me. Like old poppa F.D.R. said of yore, 'I hate war.' Where you sailor-boys from?"

All this was spurted out by the biggest and dirtiest of the group. Then, "Like how you cats been in 'ol Frisco town?"

"I think this is the time to start acting official, Major. They look dangerous," the lieutenant whispered across the table, in frantic consultation.

"Ah, we're here on very important business, fellows; we're, ah, delegates. Would you mind taking us to your leader," the major stammered.

"Hey, cats. Like he wants us to take him to our leader. Hear that man talk. He makes with the jollies. Craa-zy, man. You guys are from Endsville. Real mad. C'mon, make with the funnies again, man."

"Now listen—"

"You cats are strictly 'way out of this world."

"Well, as a matter of fact—"
". . . like way, way out, man."

Heart of the Sea

Black swirling Sea, bleak
Ocean roaring, reeling moaning's
Gushes of all tumultuous times-past,
Hurling towers of torrent-tears, wailing . . .
Swell! Surge up! Hurtle! Cascade!—Be still.
Hush . . . Mary matched
Thou art glass—calm—smooth
Shimmering sheen.

—Peter Zammit

The
Lamb
And
The
Unicorn

. . . By Ronald Moorman

Differences

Many men
lie suffering
somewhere,
right now,
this minute-second,
not knowing the whyness
of laughter or
the quiet of peace,
but only some hell
and many devils.

Other men
suffer no more
nowhere,
right now,
this long night,
but breathe clouds
and love,
and suffer only the hand-shaking
of angels,
maybe.

Most men
are here,
everywhere,
right now,
this living time,
thinking nothing but blood
and bones,
nothing but life
and long song.

Reverse

There is much
to be said
for dying
(excuse me life-lovers
and
blind men,
but it's true.)

like meeting God,
seeing beyond the small black
of our minds
into the blinding light of
love
forever,
touching goodness
soul to soul,
living
(yes, living in the middle of dy-
ing)
real life of loving,
and really,
that is what death is—
loving.
like that
death is,
dying-living
always
somehow!

Funny, isn't it?

Word About Trucks

May I write about trucks?
Yes no yes
and I will.

Long full swish of wind
(trucks are only trucks
at night,
you know)
and mmmmm of wheels,
slight shaking
and light,
most especially light
for trucks are light
and noise and
nothing else,
except maybe motion,
and they always are,
lights, noise, motion,
nights and
trucks!

Listen!
Look!
Wait!

Hic Jacet

Bones and people
YOU

ME
WHO? NO—
golden hair for
only golden hair dies
and you live
on and on and
ever,
and

"One side, Methuselah!
Coming through!"
He should have never
gotten the habit—
he died so young,
poor fellow.
I imagine though
I'll live forever and
two or three days,
and He's going to have
to fight to get me in!
"The walls are made of golden
hair—"

You don't say,
do you?

Well then now maybe
on second hand,
I just might die
forever—

Golden hair,
H'mmmm . . .
—YES.

My Psalm

Just crying now,
Lord,
just crying,
and only the weeping
heart is,
and everyone is sad.
Old evil-eyes has risen
up,
and made long-crying.
Come down here,
Lord,
to us,
all us good us,
and give Your hand.
Come on strong
arms,
Old evil-eyes must be
shown.
The Lord is with
us.

The Native

I,
a native
in the true sense of the
word,
alone,
yet somehow too much
known,
mother-wanting
yet sucking only the
milk of sadness,
quiet,
and drowned by noise,
fall down,
the suppliant,
to honor my
Trimurti
of fear, fire, and
love.

Presumption

I know a man
(with due regards to you, St.
John, things just happen this
way)

who once set out
to cross a sea,
boldly and bravely
like most travelers do,
but the only trouble
was,

he was walking
not riding.
(No, St. Peter, it isn't you either.)

And he walked
forever and two days
almost
standing stock-still
on a wave,
decided to go
back home again and
get a boat,
slipped, fell,
and almost drowned.

(Now, St. Peter, you go on from
here.)

Sad The Evening

Evenings are sad—
sometimes,
very very sad,
and
I am sad too.

Clouds
with tails between their legs
cry through the sky,
frogs
whir on and off . . .
on and off—
on . . . off
silence——breathe
on.

Noises mourn silently
(somehow a mystery)
in air
that is all smoky-eyed
from crying
too much.
A dog must bark,
and I—
quite alone with everybody
for my partner—
listen.

. . . By Michael Young

Desert

The desert is white bright
and it is clean with the
gleam of a newly faceted
gem. The desert's sky is
spun upon loom from
lambs' silent coats.

The Poet

The poet is not
silk flannel-concrete:
only his glad gait
echoes down the street.
Soft steps he between
the columns of Time—
Searching for the
Eternal Blue Rime.

Dawn

Shadows, firmly grappling each other
as lovers preparing to part
become tense: then relax their hold,
gradually—gradually
a quiet sea begins its tumbling
and roaming, grumbling and groaning,
seeking to wrest an island
from its mooring, to make it
spittle in a muddy puddle,
one hue lighter.

Rimbaud, Nineteen, Walking

I

Searching for, lurching after,
suckling on poetry spawned in
frothy bowels of dissipation:
the sea of life's banal blur

The acid of life bites
So he amuses himself with
new mates and other things.
A tumor of comets infects
his soul; he has only one
way to enter the dream state
of the star-garden.

II

Rainbow balances precariously
between black diamond and Sirius.
Rimbaud sails with fists red
out upon this sea, exorcising
reality.

Curse the grays and order the skies,
align them within your supple eyes.
Call them down—capture their meaning;
torture the sound—rend them screaming.
Cast the color and invoke the words
thick and lofty as migrating birds.
Rime the world with heaven above
and Hell below. Love; love, love.

III

Jean Rimbaud,
are you gone?
Now you know;
you, the red
angel's pawn.

Debasing
the hollow
soul—racing
to be dead
you wallow

in the slime
of the Earth,
courting rime
in the bed
of blue birth

Ecstasy
in the dirt
makes you see,
so you said.
You so hurt

crucified
upon Hell's
sharp-nailed
black rain. Wed
to the wells

of weaning
you are caught—
upon meaning
you have fed—
from them wrought

essences of things
laughing, whitely ringing
round the rocky walls:
a circus you led
us on through green stalls.

The Oaken Note

I

The candle flickered, undulating in snake-tongue dances before vaporish blue idols of melancholy song. A number of the notes lodged themselves at the base of the flame, culminated in a needle point, and disappeared into an orange charge of color.

A tensed finger shot out from the veil of darkness, flicking the glow into a charred-edge ember. Only a small moan could be distinguished in the direction of the hand. It blended, then was overwhelmed in the grating of a chair on wood, and vanished behind the noisy period of a hurled-shut door. The music stopped, following the man out the door like a tail, with a small linger.

"Leb, on your pet snail's entrails, put down that battered old horn and come for supper!"

"Minute, Annie, minute."

He laid the cheaply-lacquered instrument on a wormy Louis XIV replica and bade his feet to spread. His eight children, lined

By
Charles
Faucher

up along the oak plank like waxen nuns, rose as one, awaiting his intonation of a non-denominational Lord's Prayer.

"God in heaven and on earth, bless these gleaners' scraps your humble harvest women have placed here before us. Amen." A melange of chairs clattered into place. The man was obviously an atheist.

"And when the wind blows the cradle will rock . . ."

The gramophone needle skipped to no man's land in the middle of the record. Covers thrust back; thump and patter of

small feet on the floor. A ruinous scratch, the player clicked off, and the felted wheel ground to a halt.

"Tad, get back in bed. Daddy hear you and you're a goner."

Most solemnly little Tad summoned up one of his dogmatic statements. "My father is defeating his purpose. The hymn is adolescence and childish. It emits a great commotion so my treads cannot be heard."

With that his sheets were restored to their conformity, and the room again resumed its slumber.

II

With a piece of varnished wood splintered from the banister he scoured the remnants of the blackened wax from beneath his fingernails, flinging the matter in the general direction of a cigarette urn; he pushed the metal-framed door into the warmly scented spring air.

A fizzing neon sign lighted his path dimly across the street. A requial tune managed to squirm its way through his heavy lips. An emptied can of Spam found the end of his toe a momentary comfort before clattering down a gutter. The city fit tailor-made about his stooped shoulders; he was a leper in the mystical body of the great Father Leper. They suffered as one, making life a thing of some comfort. Home was where the bells about the neck are

hung. No stranger dare approach near.

"Annie . . . ! Know by now that the only things that go into a refuse heap are pits, peels, and old soup bones. Let us glean like those before us. The children wash the paper plates, *now!* Tell them about soaking the wooden spoons in hot water. It makes them splinter."

"Yes, yes, Leb. Don't be so hard on the boys though. Those terrible spoons should be well smoothed by now . . . You mentioned something about a job at the "Oaken Note." Whatever became of that?"

"While at it have them empty the slops and sprinkle the disinfectant liberally. The inspector will charge us with running a kennel again, or something."

"That job, Leb, I asked about the job . . ."

"Oh . . . same old tripe. Said he'd phone if anything popped up. Then I told him we didn't have a phone, and he muttered something under his breath and told me to get out. We'll have to make do on Barthie's earnings awhile, I guess."

"Oh Leb, Leb . . ." The despairing woman turned to the muffled chatter of boys and the falling of wooden objects issuing from the general section of the house they called the kitchen. "The blessedness of wedlock . . . and to think that once I was a poor, starving dairy maid . . ."



The gentle swaying of hammocks of sleep rocked Tad and his sister to the world of Peter Pan, and Barrie introduced them solemnly to Hook and his friends. But the baying of the Saint Bernard in their terrestrial home bade them tumble back through layers of stars.

"Tad, Tad . . ." she extricated herself from the blankets and rose shivering to rinse the sand

from Tad's eyes.

"Mamma is being beaten again."

The pair shook the folds from their flannels and walked to the far wall to ponder a crucifix stigmatized in plaster of Paris. An assembly line comfort for the masses, this monstrous icon . . . Muffled groans and well-liquored oaths wormed through the key-hole and under the door to mingle

with the innocent child-prayers. The incense arose with the carrion to supplicate the lime-flaked, featureless figure.

III

The man called Joa pulled the toothpick from the cigarette butt, preserving it in his vest pocket. A television picture jumbled its way through the venetian blind window of the "Oaken Note;" he turned down the leave-littered steps. The door behind him eased back into its jamb as numerous "hallo's" assailed him over the beer foam. A few bars of the "Wall Street Cha-Cha" careened through an archway situated in the far side of the room.

What was this man Joa? You only know the accidentals and think him a mere vagrant, a garbage can mendicant. However if you had observed closely when he dropped the toothpick into his vest pocket, his index finger was missing from the first knuckle up, but the remaining digits were well-mannered and the cuticle dictated into place. His eyelashes were sticky with some sort of lymph mastic but succeeded in delineating a pair of splendidly luminous eyes which seemed to reach far back into his skull and draw out the very marrow of his brain. His nose arched surreptitiously down between them, a number of veins quivering on the underside of the nos-

trils, looking like the skin of a newborn foal. His mouth trailed several very deep crevices, running up toward his temple and down along the jaw. In a neutral state it would be hard to tell which would have come more easily—a face-splitting grin, or a hideous scowl. His head, in short, was a paradox.

A floozy torch singer lynxed out of the blue-tinted archway and sidled up with several guttural "meows." Her well-masked lips dripped forth a few quite orgin-al words.

"Well, Joa. Long time no see."

Bartholomew, Peter, John, Matthew, Luke, Judas—since named Matthias, and poor outcast Magdelene were filed in their beds for the night as Annia emerged from the kitchen, half an apron dropping from her waist.

"Leb, I wish you'd go see the man at the "Oaken Note" again. That grocer Vayda is wearing Barthie to the bone."

Leb gently laid aside the can of Simonize he was polishing his horn with. "The trouble with people like he is that they have no 'preciation of the true meaning of art. The thing they want is amplitude and those high notes trembling and shaking. Why, art has gone and hid behind the hedgerows these days, and everything has to be a potboiler before it's hung up before the public fire. Just give them a bunch of

sexed-up men and a little music that they can rhyme with and they go out and form themselves a club! Why . . . Why . . ."

He had obviously run out of words for his narrow thoughts; he lapsed into a stone age silence.

His wife picked up the fallen thread: "Don't go dispensing yourself from your duty, Leb. This three-year lenten fast of ours has gone on long enough. Lettin' the children out as apostles to smear the news of our poverty all over kingdom come, baptizing them with the fall of the fabled Valters!"

"Pull that blasted thorn out of my side, woman! That golden pedestal you always put yourself on was built out of quiz show money . . . that cursed trip to Hawaii. None of yer gab . . . Don't deny it!!"

"But the children, Leb, the children. Condemning them to the salt mines of the city. You haven't worked with that damn-able horn in three years . . ."

The final straw had at last fallen; the camel's back sagged dangerously. Leb snatched his coat and fled down the stairs to the accompaniment of a horror house of noise. The manager of the "Oaken Note" would receive a visitor.

"Tad, do ya think Mamma's dead?"

Tad's face was beaded with tears, perhaps in suffering from the falling lime that detached itself from the statue, probably

from the memory of his mother's sobs.

A stifled moan creeping through the wallboard answered the girl's query.

"One more blab from ya, ya miserly wretch, and ya can go packing off to mother with yer two precious bitches!" The sentence terminated in a confused mixture of sneers as the drunken ogre stuttered once more out the door to his cesspool of boozy oblivion.

IV

A misted rain was falling as two men, one dissipated, one animated, fell behind the blissful portals of the "Oaken Note." They momentarily bumped shoulders before dichotomizing the room between them. Leb, with the fire of a wifely zeal yapping at his soul, bammed vigorously on the manager's door.

"Entrez!"

A small well-oiled man, looking for the world as if he had been summoned from the depths of a petroleum pit, confronted Leb's newly-acquired professional ardor.

"Ah, the little man with the horn. Really, don't you think I should place a "No loitering" sign here somewhere?"

The wrath of Leb's wife was fading fast.

"Mr., Mr., ah . . ."

The other did not even bother.

"I was wondering perchance if

you could at least give me an audience. I have a reference here . . .” From his pocket he drew a soiled parcel which appeared part of his clothing.

The manager’s fingers performed a steeplechase on the desk top. He rummaged through his mental hoard to ferret out an expression with sufficient acidity to disperse this leach once and for all.

“My good minstrel. Could you please escort yourself and your bloated bagpipe dream out the door and intern them in some musty cellar? And never rejuvenate them in my presence again!”

His hopes trailing in a little paper bag behind him, Leb went to perch himself on the dunghheap of his sorrows and lick his bleeding wounds. Money meant to buy a few ceramic dishes began to flow over the bar counter.

V

There were three then, looking like some forsaken trinity, spirits and bodies all bedraggled. The man Joa, pauper Lem, and the drunken monster, protected by the tinted glass of the tavern from the rays of the harsh, much too real, sun.

Here was a true communion, bonded in poverty from disparate intellectual and moral strands. Yet they dined at different tables; there was a dissimilarity. The man Joa breathed from the fiery pits of his eyes something of a mystic oriental Buddha, spirited charges

in the African Sahara, rampaging bluebeards swathing their way through rivers of blood on a planked deck, a shrouded Lazarus breathing forth life from the pit of darkness . . .

And Leb, proving Freud right all over again. The black and blue bruises of environment can never be rinsed from the skin. Baths of goats’ milk can never wash clean. Perhaps he had read somewhere that art had a hard time these days, art on its own scrawny legs, that is. He was blighted by the demon MACHINE tht coiled him in muscular arms and strangled that dint of artistry from him. In a manner he was more like the others than they were to him. He was the primal rung on everyman’s ladder . . .

And the third, scavenging through the tatters he had made of other people’s lives . . . the demigod of a corrupt household in a large city in a large world. The sepulcral fear he inspired in his children would indeed lay heavy on the last scales of justice . . . a drop of his spirited blood would turn putrid countless oceans of innocence . . .

But these three really did mold into a homogeneous group, these three driven by Fate and Mother Poverty to the same wretched hell-hole. Here they settle in a vain attempt to resuscitate the limp bodies of once bright hope and dream . . . The rich man Dives may make his comment, but it is not so.

By
Ronald
Moorman

There was an old wrinkled
Negro man with a big, big guitar,
and he started to sing; he sang his
soul out and said,

O graveyard,

O graveyard,

I'm walkin' through de grave-
yard:

Lay dis body down . . .

The fire spat once, flickered,
went out. It was dark. And some-
where long-away, a dog howled at
the moon.

A people, any people anywhere,
will have its music, its own special
tales of its own special life—and
the folk music, as the music of
a people is called, is oftentimes
the real story of a nation, for in
their songs men frequently pour

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out their hearts more than in any other way. This is certainly true with the Negro nation. The music of the Negro is a story of chains, chains and the big, hard hand of fate. Their song tells the thirst of a people for freedom, the straining for the sky, the sweat, the fears, the hopes, the sorrow of chained hands and seeking, soaring hearts.

There are two types of Negro music: the spiritual or soul songs, and the "secular" songs of life and its living. The real music of the spirit of the Negro is contained in the spirituals. These songs, with their roots in African tribal music, have their own peculiar American flavor from the experiences the Negro has gone through under the hand of the white man. It was only natural for this people, ripped suddenly and ruthlessly from their native surroundings, put into chains, treated like less than nothing, whipped and worked to death, it was only natural for them to put their experiences into song. Many of these songs deal with the injustices of their slavery and were sung by the Negro to himself or his fellows far from the ears of the white bosses. This was one of the few outlets for thoughts too heavy to contain; the Negro had to let loose his tortured heart somehow, and song, filling his veins, was his primary outlet. The spiritual "Go Down Moses" is an allegorical and symbolic song; the struggle of Israel in Egypt became for the

Negro mind a living type of his fate.

When Israel was in Egypt's
land

Let my people go
became the longing of the Negro for freedom, the aching to be out of Egypt (slavery) and free. The Negro people had, and still do have, every right in the world to say, "Let my people go."

Religion became to the Negro a soothing salve for burning wounds. Their spirituals fairly glow with a flame of life and hope in God; it is this very hope and this flame which gave rise to some of the most delightful and inspiring lyrics in folk-song. God was to the Negro in slavery someone who is coming to set him free, if not on this earth, then in heaven. Their concept of God is a concept of simplicity, and yet this simplicity packs a powerful mental punch. God becomes surprisingly human and yet tenderly an Almighty God. Lines like these:

When I git to heaven gonna
take my stand,

Gonna wrastle wid my Lawd
like a natural man.

When I git to heaven, gonna
be at ease,

Me and my God's gonna do as
we please.

seem almost disrespectful to us, and so they probably would be—for us; but to the Negro speaking out his soul, they bring God down to his level and make Him a person to be talked to, a person to pour out troubles to, and some-

one to be greatly loved. The spiritual, except for a few exceptions, is soft, smooth, and easy going as is the Negro himself for the most part; the songs speak of "stealing away to Jesus" and "crossing over into Heaven." (This is a very nice thought—a true idea of death. Just a crossing over the stream to the Heaven on the other bank.) The Negro wasn't going to rush things; as long as he got to heaven, he didn't care how big a splash he made in the heavenly circles. He just wanted to "cross over in a calm time."

The musical basis of the spiritual is readily and clearly seen to be the native African music; the similarity is seen both in the rhythmical relationship and the melodic resemblance between the American Negro folksong and the native song. As the music of the native is full of feeling and emotion, so is the spiritual. The tenderness, the calm fire, the ability to stir, and then the occasional flash of a turbulent soul are found in many of the songs, and these are derived from the native sense of music, though altered by American environment and language. The pagan "spirit" of the African songs finds new life, although the pagan principles are changed by Christian doctrine. Yet sometimes the validity of the spiritual as an original American contribution to music has been questioned. But if thought about and studied, there can be no doubt that they are truly American. America shaped,

by good or bad means, the people who made these songs, and so in the very long run it is America who is responsible for the Negroid folksong. If it hadn't been for the introduction of slavery into the United States, there would be no spirituals, for this type of song is a special kind developed by the unfair and inhuman conditions of slavery and the effect these conditions had on the Negro race.

Many people have studied the spiritual and made it a specialty. One of the earliest groups that helped to popularize the Negro spiritual as a musical form was the Fisk Jubilee Singers, a group of students from Fisk University for Negroes in Nashville, Tennessee. This group made tours of America and Europe singing the Negro songs, not as novelties, but as music as an art. One of the greatest popularizers of the spiritual has been Marian Anderson, the famous Negro contralto. As a member of the Negro race and gifted with one of the finest voices of modern times, she has done much to help fight prejudice and establish peace and equality for all men. She made a world tour singing spirituals in the countries she visited, and acted as possibly the best good-will agent America has ever had. To see her sing a spiritual such as "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" is to really hear the spiritual as it should be sung. The tenderness, the richness, the feeling and depth present in her voice simply are bound to

move the open heart with their sincerity. Spirituals owe much of their popularity to her, and she deserves much credit for the increase in appreciation shown spirituals in recent years. Harry Belafonte, modern calypso and folksong singer, through his modern rhythmical presentations of the Negro spiritual, has also done much to put the Negro folksong in its proper respectable position. He too catches the true meaning and spirit of the spiritual and has arranged many of them in such a fashion that they have become popular in the everyday sense of the word. A few years ago in one of his albums he sang a spiritual, "Take My Mother Home"—a Negro ballad of the Crucifixion and Christ's words from the Cross. In it he caught, both by his excellent interpretation and musical effects, the religious spirit of the Negro at its height, not only the Negro spirit, but the whole spirit of humanity grieving with Mary at the foot of the Cross.

Anton Dvorak, the Czech composer, also used the spiritual in his classical work "The New World Symphony" and thus brought about the acceptance of the spiritual not only in the popular vogue but in the more exacting mode of the classical.

It is foolish and prejudiced to say that these songs are beyond the comprehension and love of a race of another color. These songs are not just Negro, they are human. They are so bound up with the spirit of mankind that they have outlived the generation and the conditions that produced the oldest of them, and now they live as a part of our musical heritage. For prejudiced and narrow-minded people to try to hide these songs and count them nothing would be a great shame. They hide themselves when they do it, for these spirituals are their own and everyone's spirituals. The music is the Negro's, the spirit is humanity's.

THE MAJOR FROM TATRUSK

BY JOHN KLAWITTER

From a low wooden platform Major Gadlin watched the train move into the red sunset. He turned to the darkened street, squinted his eyes, and looked for a cab.

"Damn deserted town," he muttered to himself. He felt uneasy about the deserted streets. Tatrusk, fifteen miles to the east, had so many cars the streets were unsafe. Sure, it was just after the war, but—well, he would see.

"Halt! Who goes there?" Two young soldiers strode out of the

shadows, pistols drawn.

"Major E. Gadlin, Third Force."

"Let's see your papers." The soldiers pawed his identification papers. "You get off the late train?" Gadlin nodded. "Okay, you're all right." They handed him the packet and turned away.

"You soldiers. Salute me." They walked away from him, pretending not to hear.

"You see that can, Chet? I bet I can blast it first."

"You're on, buddy." Thin twin

flames shot across the road, and the can rattled into a dark doorway. They turned towards Gadin.

"You want we should what, major?"

"You heard me."

Chet chose his words carefully. "You may be a major, but you ain't in command here, so why don't you just move along? We ain't got but one boss, and that's old Mullen, right Jimmy?"

"Yeah, old General Mullen. Mullen, Mullen, he's our man. If he can't do it nobody can. That's like they say at ball games, back home . . . you better move along buddy." They turned and walked away. He didn't know what to do. Shoot them in the back? The idea raced to his fingertips. His gun was out before he calmed down. This wasn't war anymore—he was still the same soldier, but the rules had changed. Discipline though, you had to have—In the distance a shot sounded, followed by hearty laughter.

He felt sick. He had seen so much. Too much of blood, and broken bodies. The forbidden thoughts, the sharp images he had locked from his brain, crept in again. Charley, raked ugly by hard iron talons. Joe and Jonson—men he knew, lying silent on top of the battle lands. Hart and Dobson dead. Dobson dead with a bloody head. Dobson dead with a bloody . . . He could see Dobson way down there, smashed against the bottom of a smoking foxhole,

his brains—

"Oh God. Forget, forget, forget, forget . . ." He made his tortured way through the darkened streets.

Not far away, Chet and Jimmy followed a curved incline which led to the center of town.

"Think we'll ever get home?"

"This is home."

"Yeah, for you. You got Francene to keep you warm." Footfalls, their own, echoed loud in their ears.

"Sometimes I think too many people is better than none. This walking through lonely places gets on my nerves." He thought of his girl. "Sure, I got Francene. You think she's that nice, though?" He paused. "She's just another dumb broad." They walked on. "You know, Jimmy, that major's gonna give us trouble."

"He's only a major. The general—"

"You're a private."

"Yeah, but the general—"

"You said that already."

"Well, damn it, let me finish. The general ain't seen half of us in a month. We bunk in town and see patrol duty once a week. How's he going to know who those nasty fellow—" Chet broke in, "You mean those nasty fellows who broke rule 168375 1½b by not saluting an officer?" Jimmy didn't answer. "Anyway, old General Mullen got lots of problems burdening him. Like that blond prob-

lem what used to work at Raul's. Or his milking fund, which he siphons out of—"

"Speaking of Raul's, how about a beer?"

"Yeah, let's go."

Raul's Cafe was the only tavern open in town. It was a thick-aired cavern, a low-ceilinged, damp place which was always crowded. The respectful townsmen locked their doors at dusk and prayed for dawn. As for the rest, they could be found going to, coming from, or at Raul's.

Major Gadlin stood in the narrow doorway, looking over the crowd. He hesitated, then walked in. Chet and Jimmy, flanking girls in a corner booth, saw him coming. Gadlin stood over them.

"I said salute."

"You can—"

"I'll be damned if I'll bow to any two-bit—" Gadlin grabbed his shirt and heaved him to his feet. Jimmy's hand reached back for a bottle. He said, "Like I said, I'll be damned if—" Gadlin's hand chopped into his jaw. Jimmy spun around and fell to the floor. Gadlin threw a left at Chet, missed, connected with a right. The room was in motion. In a moment, everything was spinning. Bottles and dishes flew through the air. Tables were overturned. Everyone was yelling and fighting.

It was war. Gadlin saw a flash of yellow teeth, heard glasses crash against the wall behind him. A

snarling man with a wide leather hat snapped a wine bottle at his face. He ducked. He couldn't think. He kneed the man, then screamed as someone broke a bottle against his head.

Things were quieter after that. Isolated battles raged in corners of the room, but the war was over. Gadlin lay in a heap on the floor.

"He's pretty good with his fists. Who is he, Jimmy?" The girl's green eyes searched his face.

"Never mind. My jaw's killing me."

Chet put his arm around his girl. "Let's get out of here. Come on, Jimmy."

"Yeah, we're coming. Let's go, Francene."

"No. I don't want to go."

"Oh, for Chri . . . You want to stay here and wet-nurse him?" He swung a foot deep into the major's side.

"You're coming with . . ." He stopped. He was from a foreign land; this he realized as never before. Cold eyes watched him from the bar, from behind the tables. "All right, Francene. All right. But you'll be sorry. Don't come crying later." He stamped out into the night.

In another part of town, an orderly sat in the general's office, in the general's chair. He was a lean man, with failing vision and thin grey hair. He was thinking of the general, and his face was not bright. The general was out

with his, the orderly's, woman. Janine had been his. When she was in rags—had nothing, and hoped for nothing, he had brought her things to eat, pretty things to wear. He had talked old Raul into giving her a job. Up until now, she had been grateful. But now . . . He lifted a flat brown bottle, then wiped his lips with a clumsy forearm. He had taught her everything . . . everything. His head sank to the desk, and outraged sobs filled the room.

He had a roaring headache the next morning. Mullen seemed to be laying for him, looking for an excuse to get rid of him. And Major Gadlin was waiting outside. That meant paper work for sure. The orderly plunged into the inner office, and a moment later returned for Gadlin.

The major felt tired. He had been talking to the general for over an hour now. It was like talking to a madman.

"Major Gadlin. I will lightly pass over your questioning my men's discipline. Lightly." He paused, his small pig eyes roving about the room. "But this town is under martial law. It's going to stay that way. Those people are waiting for us to turn our backs, so they can cut our throats. They wish we would leave, so they could spawn—"

"But they have rights as human—"

"Rights? They had rights when they crossed our border. Yes? And when they stormed my home

town, mine and yours, remember that?" The general's face darkened, and his lips curled. "And they killed my wife, my sons— No, they have no right."

"Yes, I remember we came from the same town, general. But you never had any sons, or a wife either."

"You get out of here. You get out of here and don't come back. You want reform. Reform your company, if you can find it. My files are closed to you—"

"But you—"

"And my door. Get out."

Gadlin lay in his ugly yellow quarters while a narrow stream of gold shot past his crooked green shade and splashed on the dull wall behind him. The end of another day, and he found himself no nearer the control of his men. There was a soft tap at his door.

"Come in. The door's open." Francene walked in.

"Hello. I was wondering how you were."

"Not feeling too good, thanks to your boyfriend."

"He's not my boyfriend. I have other interests."

"Me, for instance?"

"Well, I just thought you were—"

"Were feeling blue and you'd come over to give me a little cheer. Thanks . . . Get out of here, will you?"

"You're not very polite to a lady. What's the matter with you anyhow? Or the matter with me?"

Am I ugly? Can't you stand to look at me?"

"Get out of here, Francene, before I throw you out."

"Okay. I'm going." She shut the door softly behind her, and walked towards her apartment. Layered cloud-banks, rung over rung of fire-lit, wooly clouds stretched in high piles to the west and overhead. She didn't see the sky. Why, she wondered, did wars have to be?

Darkness hung outside Raul's when the evening crowd began to arrive. The general's orderly was there to greet them. He had been waiting for quite some time, half-hoping that Janine would show up. He sprawled in his chair, hanging onto an almost empty shot-glass for balance. He looked up from his table, watching everyone who moved. What they needed, he decided, was poetry. He began to recite, "Once (ulp) on a midnith drear. While I ponder weak and wear, Or many a . . . many a . . ." He swung heavily in his chair, physically searching for the words. His glasses fell to the floor. "Oh, damn," he said. "Damn, Dem, Dem." He poked his head under the dark table. He felt comfortable, bent over that way. Comfortable and secure. In a moment he was snoring loudly.

Gadlin strode into the cafe. "You men. All enlisted men in my company, over against that wall." No one moved.

"All right, all you men in uni-

form, over against that wall." He pulled a private to his feet and shoved him against the wall, then pushed a second man against the first. The line against the wall swelled.

"Lay off it, major, will you? The war's been fought and settled. We won. I tell you—"

"It's not over. I've seen them. And you think it's done with, just like that. You're not thinking straight, soldier. Now get over there with the rest."

But Gadlin had turned his back to the thin group of men he had lined up. He now had only half his small squad. While he watched another man started for the door.

"You come back here." Gadlin's hand felt for his pistol. The soldier stopped walking, then got back in line.

The orderly woke. He heard a muffled voice giving orders. His head jerked up, and bumped painfully against the table overhead.

"That damned General!" he thought. "That general is going to get himself killed." In his drunken fury, he disentangled himself from under the table, staggered across the floor, and smashed a chair over Gadlin's head. With breath coming in irregular spurts he gasped: "He—he stole my, I . . ." No one moved or spoke. The dead eyes of the crowd bored into his head . . .

Gadlin came to in Francene's apartment.

"You're going to be okay. Put this ice pack on your head. There

now." Francene moved busily about. She picked his narrow hat off the floor and put it by his feet, on the bed. He rolled over and stared at her.

"No. You have to keep this thing on your head. It'll make the swelling go down. Oh, here—I'll do it."

She felt tenderly the great swelling on his forehead. "I guess you'll be all right. Nothing caved in, anyhow."

A small shiver ran through her mind. Why didn't he answer her? Was he in shock? Yes. No, he looked normal. But he was so silent, his wide eyes staring at her. She had to talk, to say something. "You know, I didn't live here all my life. I remember . . ." She told him of her life on a farm, what she had been and what she had wanted to become. He seemed interested. She went on, unwinding a story which ended in the war, the big thing that had happened to her, the thing which had changed everything. "And they are all gone now. My family, even my distant relatives are scattered." She sighed and sat on the bed, looking down at him. "It was the

war, the long war . . ."

His voice seemed to come to her from a great distance. "All gone . . ."

"Yes, and I came here. I don't know why. I had to go somewhere. And I've met so many people. They come and go, and come and go. But when I saw you, I—I thought—it might be different. I guess I had no—but I was so lonely."

"So many go . . . lonely . . ." Wanting him, yet not sure, she hesitated. He stared at her ". . . lonely . . ." She fingered the top button of her blouse. He was saying something, his voice firmer than before. "You want me, don't you? You're lonely down there, and it's cold." Her fingers stopped. What was he saying? "Don't you see, Dobson?" His hands fluttered in a hollow gesture. "I've escaped you and Donnelly. I can go. You can't bother me. I don't even have to forget any more. See, I can say it. Dobson dead with a bloody—Dobson dead . . . It's so good to be free." He laughed, softly at first, and then louder.

The Season Man . . .

A man with a huge kindly countenance
bore a cudgel studded with snow and storm
 and hail
 and rain
 and weather.

Wore it slung on his shoulder, chance
would have it there.

His face was coursed with rillels rilled deep
upon his head a snowy thatch that minded you of winter's burden,
of which the rillels filled and flowed down
the mountainside held fast in frosted sleep.

I sing a song of seasons
of rivers melting
of waters smelting shores with baptismal oars.

A man with a fleshy fattened face
came through a plush leaden forest glen.
Sol from above emptied of love sweated on the earth
and forced the man to shed his jerkin brown.
Leaning against its pillars of blue made the earth to sing
to ring
with sounds of bobolink
made poised doe to drink by the forest sink.

And odd-it-all made the man to halt and think
of the earth clay he had formed so well.
For after all this was his favorite child
these hues of summer gentle and mild.

I sing a song of seasons
of creeks trickling of waters tickling
Fidgety and nervous banks.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION

BY
WILLIAM
MC CREA

Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future has not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and like a flash of lightning, at once exists and expires.

—Colton

A distinguishing characteristic of civilized man is the degree of control which he exercises over his environment. Thus, the modern may choose his food, shelter, and even climate with the aid of technical devices. But certain factors of existence refuse to bend entirely to the human will. Decay is one. The passage of time is another.

However, through research we have learned much about decay, and utilize it widely today even though we cannot control it completely. Could we harness time in a similar manner?

Time impresses us as a succession of events. Consequently, every time measurement involves a system of counting. We partition time by noticing the regular recurrence of some event, giving this interval the value unity, and then using it to measure other intervals. A brief history of time measurement will emphasize this method.

Time keeping began with simple observations of the sun and stars. Day and night were the most obvious divisions, but men soon realized the convenience of dividing the day into parts. Earliest efforts at this were made by

the Babylonians, Chaldeans, and Egyptians. It is from them that we acquire our present day division of twenty four hours of sixty minutes each, with the minutes subdivided into sixty seconds. These periods were determined by astronomical computation and recorded by sun dials, sun clocks, burning candles, and water clocks.

The Egyptians were so time-minded they oriented the Great Pyramid so that on days marking the crossing of the equinoctial path the east and west faces of the stones were just grazed by the rays of the rising and setting sun. The Romans developed a highly accurate water clock, the clepsydra, whose principle function was to time speeches in the Forum.

Little progress, other than the invention of the hour glass, was made during the middle ages. An attempt was made to establish a mechanical chime in Westminster Abby in 1288, but the bells were soon gambled away by Henry VIII to finance more lucrative enterprises. It was not until 1600, when Galileo introduced the pendulum, that time measurement was accomplished by dependable mechanical instruments.

The desire for more accurate clocks has produced the quartz crystal timepiece, an electrical device that records time in conjunction with the vibrations of a quartz crystal subject to a magnetic field. The cesium clock, also based on the crystal principle, would lose only half a second in

two thousand years of use. Under development at the U.S. Bureau of Standards is an ammonia clock which utilizes the vibrations of ammonia atoms. This instrument will have an accuracy of one part in ten billion, and would lose only one second in three million years.

The concern for accurate time keeping is also a world wide, coordinated business. Each major country has its own time service, such as the U.S. Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C., which checks its clocks daily with the stars and with established time standards kept at the International Time Service Bureau in Paris.

The time services supply correct time to various enterprises that demand extreme accuracies. Airplane navigation is determined within limits of only a few seconds. Astronomers require calculations to a thousandth of a second. Nuclear research deals with time intervals of less than a billionth of a second, a time lapse appropriately termed the "shake."

The importance of the fractional second may be illustrated by a practical problem facing us in national defense. Consider the Russian T-3 liquid fuel ICBM missile, known to be in operation and probably the rocket that carried Sputniks II and III into orbit. This rocket must be capable of speeds in excess of 18,000 miles per hour. If this missile were fitted with a warhead rather than a satellite, and fired so as to hit Chicago, an interceptor (whatever this might be) would be dealing

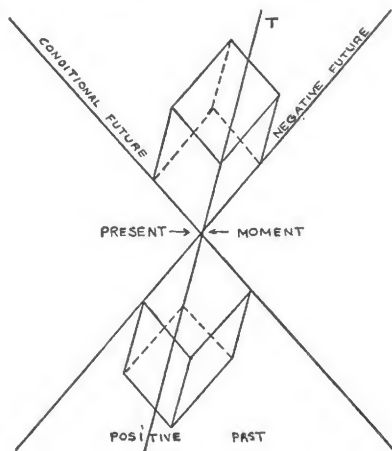
with an enemy traveling 26,400 feet per second. If the T-3 is 100 feet long, the interceptor must be accurate to $1/264$ of a second, or it would miss the invader entirely. However, we have failed to compensate for the interceptor's own velocity. If it works on the radar tracking principle, it would also have to attain a velocity of 18,000 miles per hour, and the time error would be halved. That is, an error greater than $1/528$ of a second would be sufficient for the interceptor to miss the enemy.

With the emphasis on space travel in our age, the question often arises: Will a person be able to live long enough to complete a trip to some of the more distant planets? Viewed from the relativity viewpoint, the answer is a firm "yes." Recalling that time slows with increased velocity, the passengers on a space flight would age more slowly because their entire life process, which is mechanical, would slow down, just as a clock slows down when in motion. If one brother takes a space trip to Pluto, while his twin remains on earth, the former's return will find him still the same numerical age as his brother, but he would be physically younger. This "youthfulness" results from the constant motion of the traveler's space ship.

Time is so purely abstract that one wonders how we can describe it at all. All definitions of time ultimately admit that "time is time" and drop the subject in frustration. The only real con-

cept of time we have is in our imagination; and this versatile faculty is also the breeding place for our notion of the higher dimensions, at least up to the eighth. However, attempts have been made to represent these higher dimensions (those above the third) in the familiar plane, in other words, by a picture.

One of the most feasible is that suggested by Gerald Kaufman, who presents not four but six dimensions, the fifth and sixth being conditions of the fourth.



The two cubes represent the familiar three dimensional space that we experience. They are inverse to one another, so as to show the present moment. This is illustrated by the corner common to both cubes. An object always exists at this present moment, but it *did* exist in the positive past, at a definite position in the lower cube. The object *will* exist at some time in the positive future, which lies somewhere in the conditional future side of the time line, T.

We cannot locate the positive future exactly, because we know only what *may* happen (conditional future) and what *may not* happen (negative future). What *will* happen cannot be determined until the moment arrives. The entire system moves upward along the time line, the object under consideration always having existed in the lower cube, and going to exist in the upper.

If we reflect a moment on our study of time measurement, we see that the second is being constantly "accelerated" by modern technology. Look now at something even more startling—time reversal!

In 1956, John Blatt discussed the possibility of reversing time. From his studies it appeared that no physical law would be violated if time reversal occurred. Hence, he concluded that reversal was possible, at least on the microscopic level of the atom.

Just what does Blatt mean by time reversal? Principally, the idea of the recurrence of a physical phenomena which has existed in the past. Thus if a water molecule is disassociated into hydrogen and oxygen atoms which later recombine to form the *same* water molecule, Blatt contends that time has reversed itself.

Taken in this sense, we have experimental proof of a reversal. Recent experimenters in atomic physics have encountered many disassociations—recombinations as described above.

Classical time reversal, however, visions the recurrence of history. This, of course, could happen only if the universe were closed in upon itself; a type of curved fourth dimension, unbounded, but finite like a huge ball. The British physicist, Edington, suggested such a curved universe, but held no claim to a time reversal.

Recent theories are in variance with the curved universe concept. Abbe Georges Le Maitre, the noted Belgian priest-scientist, holds to the theory of an expanding universe. Two British mathematicians, Hoyle and Bondi, have proposed a universe of constant creation. Since both of these contentions explain more observed phenomena than the closed universe theory, the trend is toward this mode of thought. Consequently, the possibility of a historical time reversal is growing dim, and the cry of the poet Allen will probably never be answered: "Backward, turn, backward, O time in your flight!"

Such is time for modern man. Some of its aspects are certain, some are useful, but others remain obscure in the world of fantasy and speculation. While the realm of time is a vital concern of Philosophy and Religion, its material application is the problem of science. It remains the task of the scientist to apply his knowledge and experimental facilities to the discovery of the many technical secrets still hidden in the mysterious fourth dimension.

WILLIAM

ODE TO THE DEAD CONFEDERACY

FAULKNER

BY

GREGORY

MAHONEY

Students of American history will say that the Reconstruction of the South after the Civil War began in 1865 and ended with the election of 1876. William Faulkner looks about him from his Oxford, Mississippi, home and shakes his head: his South is still in the throes of reconstruction, still fighting for social maturity, but sinking deeper even as it strives to struggle upward to full national adulthood. The South is no longer gallant and proud; it has become stubborn and ill-tempered. The Rebel Yell has been choked down into a surly whine.

Faulkner's South is not the South of those romantics who delight in portraying it as a violated but unashamed belle, proudly rising from the ignominious stillness at Appomattox, clutching to her breast relics of a grand tradition wrapped in the stars and bars. The South that appears in the pages of Faulkner's novels is a whimpering hound dog, limping away from a fray in which it came out second best, no wiser nor better-mannered for the experience. The surliness and bad feeling has degenerated Southern civilization and has left it dazed and unprepared at a time when old Southern families and customs had to give way to aggressive new strains. The Civil War had engendered a "lost generation" of its own—all the South—sliding backwards when it should have marched forward with the rest of the nation. As one of

Faulkner's characters mused:

"Yes, suh. That was the biggest mistake the world ever made, when Lee surrendered. The country ain't never got over it."

Nor is Faulkner's South the popularized land of Southern comfort and hospitality, regal fox hunts, mint juleps, fried chicken, and "darkies" singing in the moonlight. Faulkner walks the back streets of the small Southern town, pushes through the decaying honeysuckle that encircles the rusted gate of the old 19th century mansions, peers into the low-roofed, musty cabins of the poor Negro, and strolls along the dusty roads that parallel the cotton fields. The South of the fox hunts and genteel cordiality died in '65; this is the 20th Century and this is the New South, its face pock-marked and grimy, its soul bordering on complete degeneracy, its people ruled by passion, prejudice, and melancholy over the loss of the old values and mores.

The reader of a Faulkner novel need not consult a road map of the South to follow the action. He isn't taken any farther than the town of Jefferson, the county of Yoknapatawpha, the state of Mississippi. Jefferson is about 75 miles from Memphis and is a town in upland country "lying in tilted slopes against the unbroken blue of the hills in the midst of good broad fields, richly somnolent." Faulkner characters appear over and over again in his novels and short stories, playing only minor roles in some, cast as the main pro-

tagonist or antagonist in others. The Sartorises, the Snopes, the Benbows, the Compsons all wander through Faulkner's pages, symbols of a disintegrating order and a moribund society.

Four miles from the courthouse square of Jefferson with its unbroken skyline of old weathered brick is a simple white house set among oaks and locust trees. This is the Sartoris house, "peopled with the ghost of glamorous and old disastrous things," and the setting of Faulkner's first major novel of the South. First published in 1929, *Sartoris* is in many respects a key volume in his works, the one that sets the pattern for them all. All the major themes of Faulkner's later novels, and many of the characters, have their origin in *Sartoris*.

The colorful, aristocratic Sartoris family is the spirit of the declining South incarnate. Planted in a golden age of Southern gentility and nourished by a tradition of honor and glory, the Sartoris family tree is being drained of its vital sap and its leaves fall to the ground dead. The ghost of an era long since past, represented by the lingering memory of the family showpiece and Civil War hero, Colonel Sartoris, hovers in every room of the house and there stands ". . . as actors stand within the wings beside the waiting stage, figures in crinoline and hooped muslin and silk; in stocks and flowing coats, in gray too, with crimson sashes and sabers in gallant, sheathed repose . . ."

Colonel Sartoris, a dashing Southern cavalier who rode with Jeb Stuart's gray-and-gold raiders with a patrician dignity that made him, like Lee, an embodiment of the gallantry of the Lost Cause, dominates the novel. The difference between the new raw South and the mellow plantation landscapes and courtly nobility of his generation contribute to the torment and inadequacy of the modern generation of Sartorises.

The eldest survivors of the Sartoris family, old Bayard, the town banker, and his sister, Aunt Jenny Sartoris DuPre, try to act traditionally, according to a vital social code, but are forced to stand by and watch the respected Sartoris legend crumble about them and the young generation of the house. Old Bayard tries to maintain the outward forms of the old way of life, symbolized by his riding to his bank in Jefferson in his 19th century carriage. Aunt Jenny is an embodiment of old Southern womanhood with her delicate features and white hair and her heroic past (including a dance with Jeb Stuart and her staunch defense of the Sartoris property against carpetbaggers and Yankee foragers.) She is passive but strong in the knowledge that in her sex lies the foundation of the future generations of the South.

Their aging bodies cannot shoulder the brunt of the declining Sartoris tradition alone, and its weight bears down hard upon them. Sighs the Sartorises' old

Negro servant: "Ain't Sartoris got de quality in dis country since befo' de War? And now jes' look at 'um."

Young Bayard Sartoris, one of the young men who returned from France in 1919 disillusioned and bitter, is tormented by guilt for the death of his twin brother, John, in an aerial dogfight and is unable to resume his place in the small town of his boyhood. Only by risking his life does he feel he can find release—riding a dangerous horse, madly racing an automobile over perilous country roads, finally meeting his death in testing an airplane that no sensible pilot would take off the ground. He leaves behind him a widow, Narcissa Benbow Sartoris, and a young son born on the day he is killed. The wild desperation of young Bayard's life causes the heart attack that kills old Bayard, and the tragedy of the violent Sartoris destiny is complete.

Young Bayard is a spirit left over from a heroic past, unconscious of his destiny, bent on destroying himself out of the rejection of a world that has no interest in the grand manner and headlong heroics. Once he states: "... perhaps Sartoris is the game itself—a game outmoded and played with pawns shaped too late and to an old dead pattern, and of which the Player himself is a little wearied."

In *Sartoris*, Faulkner has emotionally returned to his own countryside and to his own family's legend, for Colonel Sartoris is



modeled on Colonel William C. Faulkner, the author's great-grandfather. Like Sartoris, he was a dominant character, a businessman, an officer in the Army of the Confederacy, a plantation owner who combined with Southern courtliness a practical and enterprising spirit, and a builder who brought to industry something of the code of the planter aristocracy.

The principle source of Faulkner's inspiration in the writing of *Sartoris* is the inward tension set up by the attempt to reconcile the historical figure of Colonel Falkner with the fictional creation of Colonel Sartoris as an embodiment of the old Southern virtues. Faulkner seems to be saying that the victory of a Colonel Sartoris would not have been that of the Old South in the Civil War, but an emerging part of the Old South that combined its best qualities with something better.

Faulkner's examination of Southern decadence was not confined to a single race or social class. A few miles beyond the Sartoris estate across rows and rows of cotton, rutted dirt roads and muddy streams, lies the house

of another Mississippi family—the Bundrens of *As I Lay Dying*. Like the Sartorises, the Bundrens are undergoing a spiritual stagnation and a moral deterioration, but, unlike the Sartorises, this decay is not the result of the Old Order being assimilated by a more degenerate New; it is but a continuation of the degeneration which has attended the lot of the “white trash” dirt farmers of the South since before the Civil War.

The very title—*As I Lay Dying*—sets the somber mood of this repelling yet fascinating novel which paints a macabre chiaroscuro of death, insanity, indifference, resignation, seduction, and attempted abortion. It is the tale of a journey—a funeral march transporting the dead Addie Bundren, wife of Ansie Bundren, from her deathbed to Jefferson for burial. Concentrating on a character at a time, fifteen of them in all including the five Bundren children, the action is broken into sixty sections. Each character, simultaneously refracting and participating in the forward movement of the story, cuts into the substance and meaning to the degree possible to his consciousness and perception.

Motivated by the dying woman’s wish for burial in town, the family begins an eight-day nightmarish funeral journey to Jefferson, with Addie’s newly-hewn coffin bouncing around in the back of the wagon. Between the Bundren homestead and Jefferson the coffin is upset in a swollen

stream, one of the sons breaks his leg, another sets fire to the barn where the coffin is kept for one night to destroy the putrescent corpse, and overhead buzzards circle, following the corpse by day, resting in nearby trees at night.

Faulkner delineates the complex relationships between the dead Addie and her husband, her children, and her neighbors. It is in this relationship that the theme of *As I Lay Dying* is found: the dividing of people into those who accept the bitterness and violence of living and those who do not. It is also a theme of involvement of degraded human beings with their fellows. Each character, and particularly Addie, sees “that the reason for living was to get ready to stay dead a long time,” finding in death a release from the bitterness of the soil and the frustration of not knowing what they really want for themselves. They live as ones doomed and ones doom-ing their friends and offspring, fulfilling their obligation to the “bitter blood boiling through the land.”

Yet, Faulkner implies, man in such a state has his compensations. He lives in a harsh world and he should recognize it as such. But he is separated from the beasts. He can know a sense of his own significance by accepting what he has to accept to be decently human.

Writing almost ten years before the first National Guard paratrooper took up a position in front of Little Rock Central High

School, Faulkner, in his *Intruder in the Dust*, came to grips with a problem of the South as old as this nation: the Negro and Dixie sectionalism. Running on the surface of *Intruder in the Dust* is the story of Lucas Beauchamp, an elderly and extremely proud Negro accused of the murder of a white man and trapped in a wave of nigger-hating, race-baiting mob hysteria as the noose of the lynching rope casts an ominous shadow. Below the surface of murder and prejudice in Jefferson runs a deeper current of Southern sectional independence—the South's assertion that it can handle its own problems—particularly racial problems—in its own way without any "outland" interference. In the efforts of the mob to hang Lucas, thus stripping him of his haughty pride and punishing the vile murderer of a white man, and the equally determined efforts of the town lawyer to see justice done, Faulkner pictures the South as it wrestles with the millstone eternally tied around its neck:

"That's what we are really defending: the privilege of setting him free ourselves, since going on a century ago now the North tried it and have been admitting for 75 years now that they have failed. So it will have to be us."

Even more than this, it is the affirmation by the South of its homogeneity and divorcement from the rest of the nation. In its resistance of Northern "progress and enlightenment" the

South is defending not actually its politics or beliefs or way of life, but simply its independence from a federal government to which, in simple desperation, the rest of the country has had to surrender more and more of its personal and private liberty.

The strength of this Faulkner trilogy and of his similar novels of the modern South (*The Hamlet*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *Go Down Moses*, *Light in August*) comes from the depth of his absorption with the life of his own region. Faulkner is a good example of the advantage to the author of remaining in his own home town, close to his origins, among people he knows, with traditions he understands, and away from the vast anonymous crowds of the cities with whom he can have at best only a formal kinship. What he knows of or believes about his region's history he knows by word of mouth, by having assimilated some notions and prejudices and resisted others.

If he is to be thought of as a historian it should be as a historian primarily of his own century and region. Faulkner created a picture of a whole society, a whole area, the visualization of a kind of life previously unsuspected. It formed a vision of the South and of Southern small-town life that profoundly modified American thought and influenced American literature so deeply that much contemporary writing scarcely reflects anything else.